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FLASH^d BACK

**Preserving
The Past
For the Future**

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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Preserving the Past for the Future

FLASHBACK

Volume
Thirty-Eight

Number Two

✱

Published by the Washington County Historical Society
118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. All material for publication should be sent to the Editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in FLASHBACK.

Membership in our Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County's history. We have members in all 50 states. Dues are on a discretionary "give what one chooses" basis starting with \$7.50 annually rising to \$150 for a lifetime membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received throughout the year. Members receive FLASHBACK quarterly and other mailings periodically. Copies of FLASHBACK for past issues are \$5.00 each, current year's quarterlies are \$3.00 each.

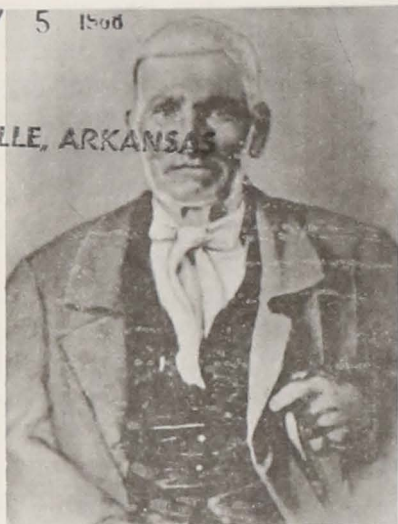
MAY 5 1966

NINE
GENERATIONS

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

 OF TUTTLES
In Washington County

by Mrs. Bobby G. Wilson

*Solomon Tuttle 1777-1852*

"Solomon Tuttle, his sons, and slaves, came to the Mt. Comfort area northwest of Fayetteville, where they cleared land, planted wheat, and built a log cabin. It had a plank board floor, cut from standing tree trunks. Then they went back to Tennessee and brought the rest of the family, in ox drawn wagons, crossing the Mississippi River on ice." Several years ago, this story of the first generation of Tuttles to migrate to Washington County, Arkansas, was passed down by John Moore of Mt. Comfort, to Bernelle (Wilson) Whillock, who related it to this compiler, all Tuttle descendants.

When Washington County was surveyed for the first time in 1831, Solomon Tuttle and his son-in-law William Cunningham had already established homes, and had plowed fields, in the Mt. Comfort area. Both are mentioned on page 87 of the Original Field Notes on file at the courthouse, and are listed in the 1830 census, as heads of households. This family was published in the Washington County Historical Society 1961 book SOLOMON TUTTLE OF OLD MT. COMFORT AND HIS DESCENDANTS. The main body of this information deals with the descendants of Solomon's granddaughter Callie

Tuttle, since that line was not brought forward in the book, and is the line of this compiler.

The 1889 GOODSPEED HISTORY, page 146, tells us "Of the first settlers in the Mt. Comfort neighborhood may be mentioned Solomon Tuttle, William Cunningham, Issac Murphy, W.A. and James McCurdy, and Hezekiah Appelby. Tuttle and Cunningham were both men of wealth and substance, and had grown families. Murphy located here and taught school, before he began the practice of law. This was an intelligent and progressive community, and the first school of more than local reputation was established here. It was called Far West Seminary, and was presided over by Robert Mecklin, the founder of Ozark Institute. The Seminary was opened about 1835, in the brick church erected at this point by the Cumberland Presbyterians." Solomon Tuttle donated land for the school. Unfortunately, it burned before it opened, was rebuilt, and opened under the name Ozark Institute.

Solomon's oldest son, Nathan Washburn Tuttle, was born 1802 in Georgia. He was apparently named after his paternal mother Rebecca Washburn, who married James Tuttle Jr. The noted missionary, Rev. Cephas Washburn, was associated with the school in its early days, but no relationship has been established up to now. The names of Nathan, his brother James Middleton Tuttle, and their father Solomon, appear in the Original Land Entry Book of Washington County, Arkansas. By 1835 they had also acquired land in a community that still goes by the name of Tuttle, east of Elkins.

On 2 Feb 1826, in Hardeman County TN., Nathan Tuttle married Ann Elizabeth "Annaliza" Riddle, born 7 May 1807 at Rowan County N.C. They had at least one daughter before migrating to Arkansas Territory with the rest of the Tuttle family. Nathan was a circuit-riding Cumberland Presbyterian Minister, in the early days of Fayetteville AR. As far as presently known, Nathan and Annaliza had three daughters, they being of the third generation: Annaliza Caroline "Callie" was born 5 Jun

1827 TN.; Martha Green Whitacor was born 22 Oct 1833 (Mentioned only in an old letter, and in the Tuttle book; nothing further is known of her); and Mary Elizabeth "Mate", born 6 Sep 1835. Nathan's farm, southeast of the cemetery, is now owned by Dr. Floyd Harris, but long ago was the site of the Washington County Poor Farm.

Nathan Tuttle was only thirty seven years old, when he died 26 Oct 1839. The following May, the heartbroken young widow wrote a poignant letter to her father. She felt very depressed and forsaken when she wrote it, and apparently had second thoughts before she had the opportunity of mailing it. For whatever reason, it was never mailed, but has survived, and the 147 year old letter provided us with her father's name and where he lived at that time. (Later generations believed the family name was Biddle, "from a family line of extra tall women"). Annaliza was the daughter of Benjamin Riddle (and Mary Slater Riddle, who was dead by 1840), and granddaughter of Stephen Riddle who established Riddle's Ferry on the Yadkin River in North Carolina in 1777. This letter is now in possession of Mr. Clive Wilson of the Fayetteville area, who also has one of Nathan's Homestead Certificates, and a hand stitched sampler with Nathan's name and date of death.

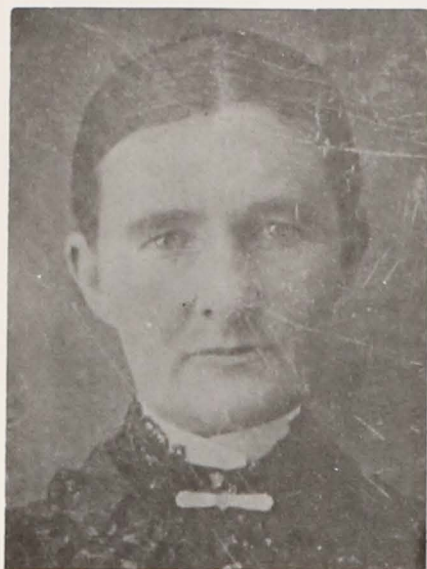
Hardeman County, Tenn., May the 24th, 1840

Dear Father, I once more have the privilege of communicating
A few thoughts and feelings of my own as for my own health
It is but bad my sweet little Mary has been very
Sick since her fathers death Martha has been very well
But poor child whats to become of her the Lord knows
I dont it is with pain and sickness sorrow and disease
Confusion and trouble perplexity of mind and body
(fold of paper worn out — line apparently missing)
But if I was to die which I some (times) think will not be long
She has no friend upon earth to protect her from all
The harms of this world nor to teach her whats right and
Whats wrong although this world and all its people may
Forsake us but there is a friend yes a heavenly friend
That will never forsake us as I have stated my health is Bad
My eyes have been soar for 6 or 8 months that I can
Scarcely see anny at all I willing for to receive some advice

Dear father I want you let me know whether you have
 Forsaken me or not for I have written letters to you and
 Brother over and often and never get no answers from
 Neither of you oh father I hope not can a father
 Whom I love sowell forsake no certainly not I think not
 Tell sister Emeline I think very hard of her for not
 Writing to us caroline wrote to her in answer for her letter
 I received a letter from Brother dated the 12th of Jan
 This is the last account we have had from you all
 Tell Brother to do pray write it will give me some ease
 To hear from you all father you certainly must know
 That I don't see much satisfaction I expect you want to
 Know where I am living and what I expect to do
 I am living at fathers (Solomon's) I expect to have a house built
 At brother John Tuttles as soon as they get their crop
 Fixed so that they can build it write as soon as you recieve
 This.

We ever more remain yours affectionately Ann E Tuttle

A chest of drawers built for Callie, before she married, by slaves, is still in the hands of descendants. An 1841 letter (handed down in the family to Fayetteville's Municipal Judge, Charles Nolan Williams) was written to Caroline



Callie Tuttle Wilson and her Sister "Mate" Trammel

"Callie", from a cousin not presently identified. Tuttle relatives in Mt. Comfort were mentioned in it. Unfortunately, only the town of origin was on it, without the state. The letter's origin is unknown at present.

Fayette Nov. 8, 1841

My Dear Caroline,

I received your very welcome communication by Uncle Shepperd, which was very satisfactory in its contents, though it vexed me a little when you accused me of forgetting you, for although I enjoy myself with my relations and friends extremely well, I can think of you too, and my other associates that I have left behind me, it is for me to tell whether I will ever see them in this world or not, but I very well know that I shall never forget the kindness with which I was treated when I was with you.

I have been to Glasgow since my return home, and enjoyed the trip pretty well, although it was raining all the time. You must tell Eliza that I have found a beau for her, but if she is moonstruck with little Kettle I will transfer him to you. O Caroline I do wish you and Eliza would come over, I know cousin Middleton and Leroy would come with you, and furthermore I will promise you a good deal of pleasure. Tell cousin Mid, and Lee that their girls look as hale and hardy as a May morning, and are looking for them.

The moccasins that I brought with me have been universally admired. I always make it convenient to show my feet when I sit down. My relatives send their best respects to you and other relatives. You must also give my heartfelt thanks to your mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and family, to cousin Middleton and cousin John and his wife and all the children, and accept the love of your cousin for yourself.

Madeline L. Owens

Tell Marthy Moore and the Miss Youngs that I think of them very often. O how I want to see all of you. You must remember me to my black friends at Mr. Cunningham's.

Dell

By 1848, Nathan's widow Annaliza was married to Thomas Smith, a widower twenty three years her senior. He had an established farm in the Tuttle area at the time

of the 1831 survey, was the first postmaster, and donated land for a church and school (White House School 126). He also had a horse powered mill, and a number of slaves. During the Civil War, bushwackers held Tom's feet in his fireplace, torturing him to reveal if he had any money hidden away. This two room brick home still stands about one half mile northeast of the Tuttle Cemetery, behind a two story frame home, on Dr. C.R. Magness' farm. Anna died near the end of the Civil War, in 1864, at age 57, and was buried at the Tuttle Cemetery, where Tom joined her in 1870, at age 85.

It was said "Mate" Tuttle did not care for her step father, Tom Smith, so married in 1848, at the age of thirteen, to George Singleton "Sing" Trammel, and lived in the Tuttle area. Her picture, with her children, can be seen in the Tuttle book mentioned, with family listed.

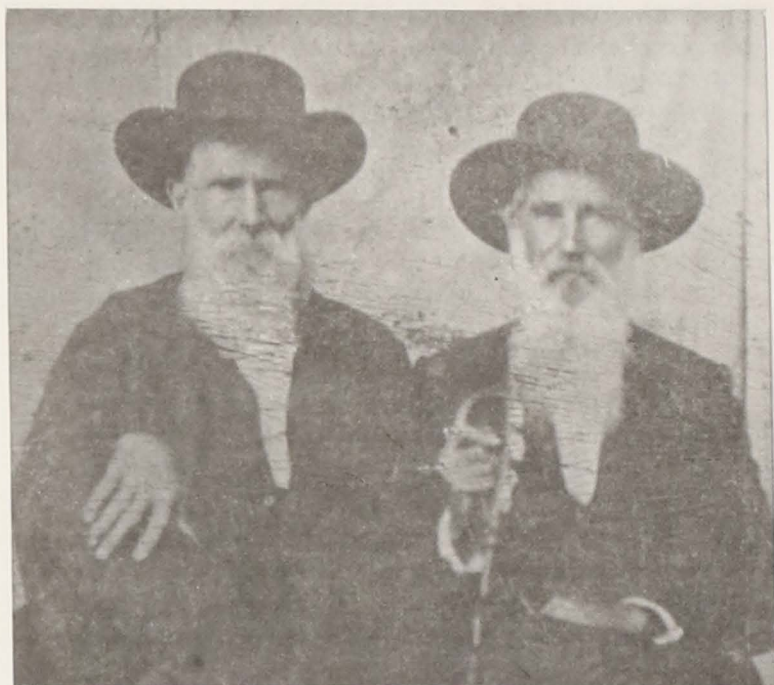
As stated, Callie's grandfather Solomon Tuttle donated land for the Far West Seminary/Ozark Institute. All evidence indicates that Benjamin Henderson "Hence" Wilson, also from Tennessee, taught Botany there. He had light blue eyes and auburn hair, which probably came from his grandmother, Sarah (Boone) Wilson, who was close kin to the famous frontiersman. Col. James M. Johnson of Wesley, in Madison County, attended the Ozark Institute, and that is where the lifelong friendship of Hence Wilson and Col. Johnson, apparently began.

About 1844 Hence Wilson married Callie Tuttle of Mt. Comfort. By 1848 they and two daughters had moved to Madison County, where Hence taught school and farmed, near the Buckeye Cemetery and school. There they received the following letter, which was from some of Callie's mother's Riddle family (probably in Tennessee) which named a number of relatives. The letter is in possession of Mrs. Callie Webb of Fayetteville, who also owns the tintype picture believed to be of Callie Tuttle. (Letter condensed).

Richard Creek P.O. (Ark.)
Mr. & Mrs. Wilson,

March the 14th 1848

I received your kind letter dated Dec. 28th. I was happy



Hence Wilson, left, and good friend. Col. Johnson

to hear from you that you was in good health and doing so well.

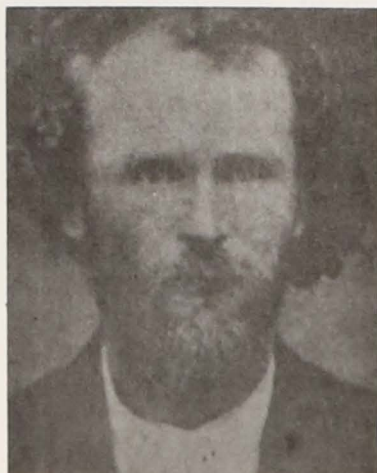
The health of the family is in tolerable good health at present, the health of the country only tolerable. Brother Sains family is well. Sister Emeline will be I have no doubt in a few years as large as Mother. She has only the one child. It is one of the finest little girls I ever saw. You are splendid hand to brag on your little girls. I have no such thing to brag on. This is why you have the advantage of me in writing letters. I would be glad to see you and your little girls. I think that you might once more come to see us, tho it is very properly that I would think like you do about constant employment for I believe that is the case with most every one that marries.

I send my love and respects to you and family. Tell sister Ann that we send our best respects to her and family. I am glad to hear she has become so healthy. I believe I wrote to her about Brother Henry Riddle coming to see us (from Indiana). He came here in Nov and staid a few days. He went

to Brother Wiley while he was here. He said his family was in good health when he left them. He could not stay long on account of the waters freezing. Brother Sain received a letter from him since he left here. He returned safe in 10 days. Brother Wiley Riddles family was well the last account I had. They have only the two children. Your Uncle Murphy's family is in tolerable health at present, only himself he is very unhealthy. He is hardly ever well. Tell Alfred that his people are all well. They was glad to hear from him and very much surprised to hear that he had a fine son.

Very Respectfully Yours, E.A. Riddle

The children of Hence and Callie Wilson were (1) Mary or Margie Aletrice "Leat", born 1845 AR. who was the second wife of William R. Phillips. A number of this family are buried in the Phillips Cemetery near Huntsville AR. Their children were Bernice, Ettie, Kellie, James E., George W. and Edith. (2) Sarah Malvina "Mal", a redhead born 1847 who married Henry H. Mullins. They lost infant twin sons in 1867, buried at Buckeye Cemetery, and a daughter Callie at less than a year old, buried at Tuttle Cemetery. Their only surviving child Lizzie Joy Notter lived at Portland Oregon, and had a daughter Ethel. (3) Susan Maybelle Nash "Belle" born 1850, married Garret



Henry Mullins m. Malvina Wilson, with bright red hair.

Williams. (4) Madelyn "Meddie" born 1851 who married Garrett's brother William Rile "Bill" Williams, and had Callie Tuttle Williams in 1890 and Berry Hollis Williams in 1897. These four Wilson girls were of the fourth generation, and except for listing the number of children each had, this is as far as the Tuttle book had on this line.

Before Bill and Meddie had children, they farmed for a while in Texas, from where she wrote her Aunt (a letter also in possession of Clive Wilson):

Alvarado, Johnson Co., Tex.

Mrs. Mary E. Trammel

March 30, 1879

My Dear Aunt, It is with pleasure that I attempt to drop you a few lines this morning to let you know that we still think of Aunt Mate. We are both well and ever hope the same kind blessings are attending yourself and family. We are suffering much for rain here at the present. It has not rained here since in Jan. The farmers have all got their corn planted but it will not come up until it rains. I have had my garden planted about a month but the most of it is lieing in the drie dirt yet. William rented about 60 acres of land. He has put 30 in corn and likes four days plowing having the rest (?beded?) for cotton. So you see I'll get rich picking cotton this fall. We have a young man working with us this year, a real good hand.

Well Aunt Mate I expect you would like to know how I like Tex. It is such a pretty contry. I like the contry better than the people, although my neighbors are kind to me, but very few of them ever visit me. There is so much difference in the ways of the people here and our people. Aunt Mate, tell Uncle Sing if he ever makes another move to come to Tex. I think it an excellent contry for those that can be content. I had rather be here than there and be as poor as I am. But Aunt Mate if we are ever able to buy a good vallie farm there, I will be satisfied no longer in Tex. I live on the public road and I seldom see a man go by without hearing him swearing. If he is alone he will swear at his horse. There is so much drinking here too.

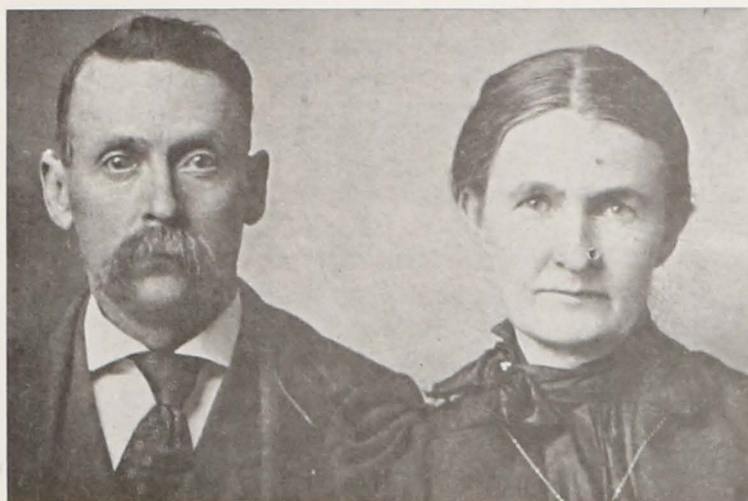
How is Henry & Rhoda getting along with their big family of little folks? Tell them to write me. And Darling Lizzie, I want to see her so bad. Tell her to be a good little girl and learn fast, and write a sweet little letter to Aunt

Meddie. Tell me how Annie is getting along. How I would love to see you all. What is Clints and Vi's boys name? Tell Ed if his Texas fever has not cooled yet that he can do better here than he can there, and if he should come, to be sure to hunt us up.

Aunt Mate, I suppose you are laboring under the same mistake that I was before I came here that there was no good water in Tex. I have as good water to use as I ever have been used to. Write dear Aunt, soon. Good Bye.

Your ever loving Meddie W.

Meddie and Bill came back to Goshen, where he was a miller, and where their two children were born in 1890 and 1897. In 1902 Meddie died, and was buried just inside the entrance of the Goshen Cemetery. Bill remarried (name now unknown) and in 1922 was living in Campbell, California.



Wm. Rile (Bill) Williams - wife Madelyn "Meddie" Wilson

While her four girls were young, Callie Tuttle Wilson died in 1855, and was buried in a pioneer cemetery on her mother Annaliza and step-father Tom Smith's Washington County farm, near Richland Creek. (In recent years, the surface of about one hundred graves was cleared off for pastureland, behind the barn.) Given the fact of Callie's untimely death, Meddie's loving letter to

the person nearest like her mother, is quite understandable. Hence second married in 1860 to Jennie Mullins, who was about the age of his oldest daughter, and they had a red haired son Walter Lee by the time the Civil War began. Though not a young man by then, Hence is said to have served with Intelligence in Texas, from where he wrote the following letter to his bride:

March 25, 1864

Linlar Point

Dear Jennie,

I feel truly thankful that I am favored with an opportunity (of) sending you a few lines. Dear, I am in good health and I am fully determined to see you by the first of June, if it be the Lord's will. Ask his aid in my behalf, and I believe I will be able to make it through.

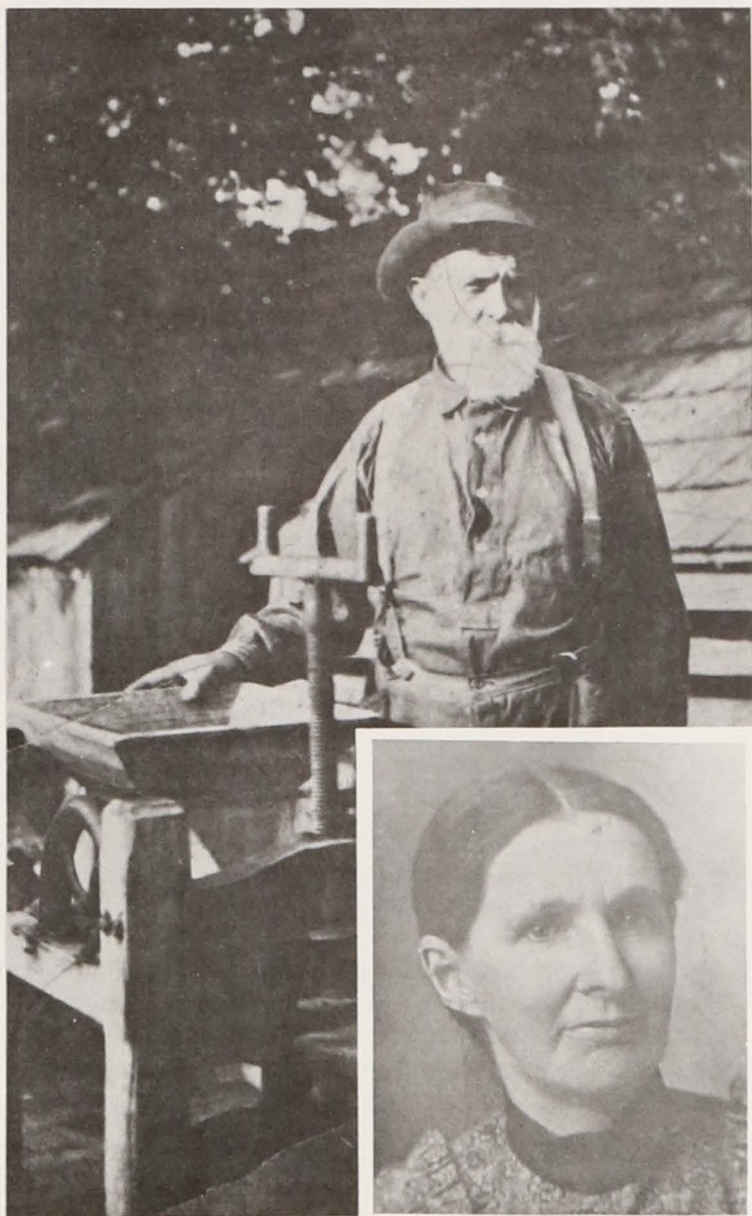
My dear, the scrap I handed you remains to be my true sentiment. May the Lord enable you to carry out my wishes concerning our sweet little Walter, bless his sweet little soul. How I long to see him. May God help him.

I saw Mrs. Fowler a few days ago. I was so glad to hear from you. She had seen you and Walter at Pops, and you were both in fine health. Oh you cant imagine my happiness on the reception of this information. May the Lord speed the day when our little family can be re-organized.

Jennie, I spent the winter in Texas with () Feb 7th in company with Gus Buchannan. We had quite a pleasant trip. Say to Emma, Gus is well. I guess he will come with the boys. Love, Mrs. Fowler said you wish me to send you word what to do. I will say do as you choose. I will be coming out of the Federal lines, but it may be you had better remain at Sings with the children until I can come up.

I have been very uneasy about Leat, may the Lord help you all to work your way through this troublesome world. Kiss each other in remembrance of me. Good Bye, B.H. Wilson

The young wife had her hands full, with a baby boy and four step daughters close to her own age, with a war going on in the area. Part of the time they stayed with the sister of Hence's first wife, Aunt Mate to the girls, and Uncle Sing Trammel. The Pop referred to was not Hence's father,



Garrett Williams
with his cider mill.
His apples were winners - topgrade
12



Susan Maybelle Nash Williams,
wife of Garrett Williams
known as "Belle" Williams.

but Sing's sister, Mary Jane Trammel Smith, "was called that because she had pop-eyes, due to a thyroid condition".

After the war, Hence returned home and he and Jennie had four more redheads: James Boone Wilson, Robert Bedford "Bed" Wilson, Idyll, and Beulah Omega Wilson. Hence died in 1889 and was buried at Buckeye Cemetery, near his first son Walter who died in his teens. Belle and Beulah were buried there later. In 1893 Jennie married her husband's close friend, Col. Johnson of Wesley (in Madison County). He was an early Doctor at Huntsville, a Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State of Arkansas and an early Trustee of the University of Arkansas.

Belle (third daughter of Hence and Callie Wilson) and Garrett Williams' children were of the fifth generation: Nathan Boone Williams who married Lida Ware, Frederick Herbert Williams who married Libbie Ware, Stella who married Harry Eben Ware, Archie Bishop Williams 1883-1899, Nolan Lafayette Williams who married Rubie Robertson, and Elfie who married Norton Hilliard Robertson. Garrett Williams had the only fruit tree nursery in Madison County in 1889 (at the top of the hill south from the Buckeye Cemetery) and won premiums for his apples at the St. Louis and New Orleans Fairs.

Continuing my limb of the family tree, Harry and Stella Ware's eight children, the sixth generation, were: Hazel Stringfield, Earl F. Ware, Walker M. "Jack" Ware, Vera Guinn, Clara Green, Kieth W. Ware, Lee E.W. Ware, and Louise Sumner. Grandchildren of their children (the ninth generation) are numerous in northwest Arkansas. Early in 1982, five great great grandchildren of Harry and Stella Ware were born in Washington County: Matthew Thomas Davis, Julia Katherine DeFreece, Ryan Arthur McArnany, Trace Benton Skordal, and Amanda Michelle Wilson. Although the names are all different, some Tuttle blood circulates through their veins, one hundred and fifty seven years after Solomon Tuttle and his family migrated as pioneers in covered wagons, across the frozen Mississippi River.



RESEARCHING YOUR ROOTS

by Lois Miller

"The elements for an intriguing novel are all there. Marriage, divorce, wealthy, poverty, perhaps even adultery or murder. But imagine the story is true, and the characters are your own relatives."

The above was written by David Blum and appeared in the *Tulsa World* recently. How true they are! Family backgrounds hold a lot of information and with a little effort plus help from various sources, you can learn how your grandparents and great-grandparents lived.

The Fayetteville Public Library's genealogy department, under the able direction of Mrs. Grace W. Keith, usually offers a beginning course in the spring or fall. Anyone would do well to take advantage of Mrs. Keith's knowledge and experience.

From the start you must be a good detective. It is not enough to learn names and birthdates of your ancestors, but you must learn why and how your family migrated from Virginia to Tennessee and on to Washington Co., AR.

The first step in your research will be to complete a family group sheet. On it will be recorded all that you know about yourself and your spouse. This includes full names, maiden names of all women, birth dates, marriage dates, and places where each of these events took place. Documentation supporting the information is essential. Once this profile has been completed, one works backward: your parents, your grandparents, then your great-grandparents. You will need a family group sheet for

each marriage in each generation.

Proof of a person's existence should include a birth certificate. However, most states did not keep birth records until after 1911-1914. Prior to that time you must rely on the family Bible, if it can be found, perhaps tombstones which often give both birth and death dates, or baptismal records.

School records, city directors, voter registration, and newspapers play an important part in placing family members in a given area at a given time.

Because family history plays a key role in the Mormon faith, genealogical data kept by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is invaluable. In October the writer visited the LDS Library in Salt Lake City. A veritable treasure house of information may be found there for family researchers. There is no doubt in my mind but that one might complete one's genealogy there if one had the time.

For those who cannot make the trip to Utah, there are LDS branch libraries all over the United States. The nearest branch in northwest Arkansas is in Madison County at Huntsville. To be located in Rogers, Benton Co., a second branch will soon be available. Microfiche and microfilm may be borrowed from Salt Lake for use in these branches. There's a small handling charge for their use.

Different libraries specialize in a variety of records. The Genealogy Dept. of the Fayetteville Public Library concentrates their holdings on the entire state of Arkansas with emphasis on Washington Co. These Washington Co. records include marriages (1845-1930), census films and manuscripts (1828-1910), cemetery, probate and will indices (1836-1901), deed abstracts (1830-1835), mortality schedules, a 60,000-plus obituary file (Fayetteville newspaper only from 1868), maps, tax records, and county histories.

In addition to the above, the genealogy department has reference books for every state in the continental U.S.

Federal census documents are obtained from the U.S. Govt. for years between 1790 and 1910, excepting the 1890 census which was destroyed. More recent census information is not yet available due to privacy restriction. However, the 1920 census will be released about 1990. If a person being researched is on one census and not on the next, he may have moved or died during that period.

Be sure you talk with other genealogists. Let people know what family or families you are working on. In this way, one learns what has already been researched, so the work need not be duplicated.

Keep an open mind when researching the family tree. Learn how many variations of spelling your family name has had over the years. Often the county clerk spelled a surname a different way each time he wrote it in the court records. The same applies to the pronunciation of a name. An example of this is the gradual changing of the name FORBES to the present FAUBUS.

It is important to place a person in a definite county and state. Do remember that county names and boundaries change so your ancestor can be "lost" if you are not aware of this history. Both Benton and Madison were once a part of Washington County. Your ancestor may have lived on the same farm all his life, but, at an earlier date, he was in Washington County; only later did he reside in Benton or Madison counties. One needs to research the records for both counties.

How our forefathers migrated is of interest. Most settlers made their way to our county by use of the rivers: down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, then on to the Arkansas River to Van Buren and next by wagon over the mountain to their new home in Washington County; or up the Mississippi from New Orleans to the Arkansas River, and on.

Ships' passenger lists, immigration data, military records, pension and bounty land records are found in the National Archives in Washington, D.C.

Your Washington County Historical Society has much information about the early settlers of this county. A large photo file, maps, all issues of the FLASHBACK, numerous family genealogies, all the early Bulletins compiled by "Uncle Walt" Lemke, and many files regarding local families are there when you visit Headquarters House.

The courthouse for Washington County is located on College Ave., looking west at Center Street. The County Clerk's office has marriages, wills, probate records, and the early land patents. Copies of these documents may be obtained by writing to the County Clerk. Be sure you include a self-addressed and stamped envelope. In this very busy office mail is answered as the clerks have time. Currently, certified copies of marriages are \$5.00. Copying charges do vary, so one must inquire what the cost will be for your request — they usually run fifty cents to a dollar per page. The offices in the courthouse are not there for the benefit of genealogists. Their existence is for the business of the court. Researchers are accommodated when the clerk and deputies find time. Remember, in an election year this office is **extremely** busy and mail may be placed "on hold" for a long period of time. Be patient.

Deeds are in the Circuit Clerk's office. One must appear in person to obtain a copy of them. This office does NOT answer mail nor will they fill a request, even if you send the Deed Book page and number.

Courses in beginning and advanced genealogy may be attended at cities and universities around the country. Samford University in Birmingham, AL offers instruction on four levels of proficiency each summer. The National Archives has their Institute in July while Brigham Young University in Provo, UT has their Family History and Genealogical Research Seminar in midsummer. The National Genealogical Society based in Arlington, VA has a home study course which may be completed at one's own pace. This Society sponsors a large conference in the states each spring. This year it will be held 27-30 April, 1988, in

Biloxi, MS and hosted by the L.W. Anderson Genealogical Library. At each of these meetings you get to meet and hear lecturers, experts from all over the United States. These lectures are taped and copies are available for purchase.

There are many reasons why we seek our ancestors. Some may wish to join a hereditary society (Mayflower Society, DAR, and others), some are looking for a famous person in history, and some hope for royalty. Most of us just wish to know where we came from and take joy in learning what our ancestors did in building and settling of our country. For whatever reason one starts "digging" for his roots, it is a pleasurable pastime and most rewarding.

There's no reason to feel that this is an expensive hobby. All one needs to begin is a good corrugated box, a few file folders, some family group sheets and pedigree charts, plus a willingness to solve the riddle of elusive ancestors. History will come alive for you and your children when you can place your family at a given time in history. Was your ancestor born "On the Plains" during the trek to California or Oregon? Did he fight in the Revolution or the Black Hawk War? What were the living conditions of these early families? It was not the age of the Holiday Inn!! This brief sketch is enough to start you finding all the answers. Your children and grandchildren will love you for your efforts.



Genealogists Please Note!

Do not trash your 1987 Membership List! At the annual meeting it was decided that we will print a membership list every few years, with an addendum each year listing new members for that year and the families they are researching. Thus, we will be able to satisfy the genealogists and save some money for the Society. Anyone who wants to add names to their "search list" is invited to do so

STOCKBURGER - LINDSEY KIRKPATRICK FAMILY

by Madge Kirkpatrick

This is the history of my family on my mother's side from the time they came to Washington County, from Georgia. In 1852 John Calvin Stockburger and his wife, Martha Ann Reed came to northwest Arkansas from Cohutta, Georgia. With them came the Reed family, Robert and Elizabeth Fagala Reed and their grown children. They came to Arkansas in a caravan of covered wagons with several other families. Robert and Elizabeth Reed were my great, great grandparents. They homesteaded land about a mile northeast of West Fork near the present site of the Newlin Realty Co., beside Highway 71. They built a double log house with dog trot through the middle. I remember my mother, aunts and uncles telling about an old hollowed rock that stood beside the back door of the house. Standing about waist high, it was used for washing their hands when they came in from the fields. Another hollow rock on the grounds was used by the children to wash their feet after playing barefoot in the yard.

One of the Reed daughters married a man named Wakefield. They lived near the Baptist Ford Community Church south of Greenland. During the Civil War a band of bushwhackers tried to rob them. Wakefield would not tell them where his money was hidden, so they hanged him from a tree in the yard and rode off. Mrs. Wakefield who had been hiding nearby cut him down with a butcher knife before he strangled to death.

Robert Reed, born Aug. 6, 1788 - died Sept. 17, 1861; Elizabeth Fagala Reed, born May 9, 1802, died Sept. 19, 1897. I remember hearing them tell how in her older days she was almost blind but her mind was alert. She smoked a clay pipe, using home grown tobacco. The grandchildren always loved to get a coal of fire from the fireplace to light the pipe for her.



*Joseph and Etta Bentley Stockburger family shortly after 1900.
Rear L. to R. Lee, Ernest, Ina (Walker) Myrtle (Ball)
Front L. to R. Winona (Lindsey) Father Joseph, Robert, Mother Etta
Photo by C.E. Watton, Fayetteville, AR.*

The Stockburgers homesteaded about three miles northeast of West Fork. They chose a mountaintop for their home, about one half mile north of the present day Mineral Springs road. They built a double log house with a dog trot in the middle which was used as a dining room in the summer. There was a large loft above each room and a cellar under the north side room. Each room had a huge fireplace. A porch attached to the back of the house. An attraction of this homestead was an everlasting spring of clear, cold water. It was about 200 feet down a rocky hillside below the house. The water was drawn by a windlass to the springhouse at the top of the hill from where it was carried in to the house with a bucket. The wash place with a kettle and washboard was alongside the springhouse.

John Calvin and Martha Ann Stockburger were my great grandparents. They were married in 1849 in Georgia. He was a well educated man for that day, a doctor of sorts. Since there were not many medical men thereabouts, he

was called to perform as a doctor quite often. They homesteaded buying quite a bit of land. In time they owned all the land from Round Mountain to the White River bottoms. They had ten children who lived to be grown, as follows: Marcus Alexander, b. 1850; Nancy Elizabeth, b. 1852; Jacob Wilson, b. 1854; John Robert, b. 1856; Martha Annie, b. 1859; Joseph Adam, b. 1861; Mary Dorinda, b. 1864; Elisha Edward, b. 1868; Lydia Emma, b. 1869; Calvin Columbus (Tum), b. 1873. Marcus Alexander and Nancy Elizabeth were born in Georgia prior to the move to West Fork.

John Calvin was a ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. All of their children were baptised into that church. Jacob Wilson became a minister in the church. His name is still on the plaque at the West Fork Presbyterian Church. There were no public schools in the area. Scattered about were country subscription schools which were open for about three months of the year. The teachers for these usually lived with their students' families, teaching school for their room and board. The nearest subscription school was about four miles from the Stockburger homestead. Children attended that school until the building burned in the 1870s. This school was called Old Shanghi School. Daniel Chapman gave land about one-half mile from the Stockburgers for a new school. A one room school house was built and was named Round Mountain School because of its location. Capable teachers were hired and paid a salary. The standard books used were the Blueback Speller, McGuffey's Reader, and Ray's Arithmetic. The Stockburger children received most of their education at that place. They walked or rode horseback to school in every kind of weather. Annie Stockburger taught school at Round Mountain for several years after she grew up.

Government Expands to Absorb Revenue
... and then Some.



A MISSING PUZZLE PIECE

The Arkansas Herald — Arkansas Newspaper Project

by Kim A. Scott

When Fayetteville educator Jim McKown decided to refinish an antique dresser a few years ago, finding buried treasure was the last thing on his mind. The teacher from Woodland Junior High knew the dresser justified his effort of stripping away the old finish and replacing its mirror because of the piece's age and beauty, but he couldn't possibly have foreseen the further rewards of the project. When he took out the old mirror, he discovered stashed between the glass and wooden backing a crumbling, but otherwise fully intact, copy of the September 6, 1894, newspaper, *The Arkansas Herald*. Realizing the paper's educational value, McKown took steps to preserve it by laminating the copy to temporarily halt its deterioration and allow his students to examine it in class. He also made good use of the information gleaned from the *Herald* for his own studies on the Populist movement in late 19th century northwest Arkansas. But only after contacting the Washington County Historical Society and the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Library with his discovery did Jim McKown learn the full extent of his contribution to Arkansas history.

In 1973, Washington County Historical Society president Dwaine E. Manske allowed the University of Arkansas Library permission to photocopy the newspapers of the Society's John Roy Robinson Collection. The Society received the vintage papers from Max Sample, Robinson's nephew, and kept them in a protected oversize box at the Headquarters House. Among the many 19th century Arkansas newspapers in the collection from Washington County were four issues of *The Arkansas Herald*, a Populist organ edited at Fayetteville by J.E. Bryan. The earliest, dated July 5, 1884, discussed with no little excitement the prospects of victory for the disgruntled farmer's organization in the upcoming fall elections. The next issue, August

30, 1984, continued the rapturous predictions of "free silver" and boasted about the popularity of the movement among residents along the Middle Fork of the White River. It is at this point that Jim McKown's discovery behind the mirror of his old dresser becomes apparent. The Robinson Collection's next copy of the *Herald* was the September 13, 1894 issue, a full ten days after the election it had so eagerly awaited in the previous summer's editions. McKown's copy, filling in the gap as neatly as a missing piece from a jigsaw puzzle, was printed a week *before* Robinson's and just two days after the election.

The heretofore missing issue of *The Arkansas Herald* can tell us a great deal about the Populist movement, Fayetteville in the 1890s, and even a bit more about the newspaper itself. For example, the columns bitterly denounce the election results of September 3, 1894, blaming the defeat of the Populist candidates squarely on members of the party who did not bother to vote. ("Soldiers in an army who always skulk on the day of battle are sometimes shot as traitors.") In another part of the paper, Fayetteville merchant J.S. Lackey advises "Farmers, call and see me and you will find one Populist in Fayetteville who is not ashamed of his Politics. If you want to trade with that kind of a man, drop in and I will guarantee satisfaction." Even more interesting are the hints the paper holds concerning its editor. In a column entitled "Trace Valley News," we learn that the newspaperman was also a preacher in that community, and a large two column advertisement on page three is almost prophetic as it announces Bryan's offer for the sale of his 480 acre farm. A brief check into the *Ayer's Newspaper Annual* for 1893-94 lists the *Herald's* editor as C.N. Stewart, indicating that Bryan was, indeed, upset with the election results and really meant it when he wrote in his advertisement "Want to change my business. Must sell this fall or not at all."

It was my privilege on December 6, 1987, to address the annual meeting of the Washington County Historical Society with a few observations on the county's frontier-era newspapers. Mr. Michael Dabrishus, head of Special

Collections, University of Arkansas Libraries, made the introductory remarks which included a brief update on the progress of the Arkansas Newspaper Project. The Project is a part of the U.S. Newspaper Program, funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, and its goal is to locate, catalog, and microfilm all existing Arkansas newspapers in order to make them available for historians, genealogists, and other researchers. Mr. Dabrishus was able to tell the membership that during the Project's initial phase a guide had been produced which lists in nearly complete detail all of the current newspaper holdings in Arkansas libraries. Unfortunately, the guide is also a testimonial of how far we must go in our efforts to save Arkansas' published past by documenting such scanty holdings such as that of the *Arkansas Herald*. At the conclusion of the meeting, Jim McKown introduced himself to me and generously loaned his copy of the *Herald* for microfilming, thereby helping to fill in one more gap in this momentous undertaking.

Since the meeting, the Arkansas Newspaper Project has received funding in the amount of \$172,571 to begin the phase two of the program involving, among many other things, actual on-site inspection of newspaper holdings around the state and cataloging. While we have far to go in this important work, it is with the help of interested and caring people like Jim McKown that the task of putting the puzzle together will be finally completed.



Family Reunion — Thomas Herrington/Anna Booth

First time reunion for all kin of the above (Mills, Williams, Duncan, Cannaday, Hart) on first weekend in June at the Huntsville (AR) Community Center. Bring a covered dish and visit with your kin. Write: Virginia Threet, 1875 South Custer Lane, Fayetteville, AR 72701.



MEMORIES FROM DICKSON STREET

by Margaret Mullen

*These stories were recently published by Terrace Press
in an anthology "Second Harvest"*

A House Of My Own

When I was eight years old, we moved from the sprawling white house on Leverett St. across town to Dickson St., and I came into my own house. What could be grander?

My House had been part of the old servants' quarters behind the Big House. My parents converted the downstairs of the two-story structure to storage and gave me the undivided upstairs room for a play-house. When I climbed the outside stairway, opened the narrow door to my own retreat, I was in a world apart. The dusty, fragrant, still air gave way for awhile to the smell of Naphtha soap on the floorboards, kerosene and vinegar on the windows as everything was scrubbed to a state of cleanliness my mother approved. I rather liked the earlier scent though it tickled my nose and made me sneeze. But I was glad to have the spider webs swept away.

The roof slanted sharply to the floor from the high ridgepole that ran from gable to gable over facing windows. The height of mid-ceiling made wonderful shadows where the slope almost touched the floor. Mother had Elizabeth, our hired girl, wash and starch some old curtains for the two windows, one facing my room in the Big House, one overlooking the tall corn rows in Will Carr's vegetable garden. If I pressed close enough to that window and looked slantwise out through the glass, I could just see the three boxlike structures that were my father's bee hives. Beside the garden window, a cracked mirror hung on the wall. An old rocker by an apple crate gave me a place to rock my dolls or read. A red plush hassock with an untrustworthy leg completed the furnishings, except for my dressup trunk pushed under the eaves. A battery of fruit crates (we lived in apple country) could magically

become bookcases, chests of drawers, tables, chairs, even a stove, if I wanted to pretend-cook graham crackers and apples.

It surprises me now to realize that it never occurred to me to ask for — or even miss — a bed. My dolls slept in apple boxes when they visited from my own bedroom but I seemed to have taken it for granted that when I was called to supper, I would say, "Goodbye," to my house, go to eat and sleep in my parents' home.

But, oh, the dressing up from the depths of the cavernous trunk! One of my favorites, a mossy green ribbed-silk basque trimmed with heavy braid, I had loved since I was three, a little girl in Kansas. I had prettied up in it for the first time there. My father had swung me into his arms calling me his little gypsy. There were Mother's grey French kid oxfords with stiletto toes and baby french heels. One of those ornately curved heels had broken but I would compensate by walking on tiptoes in them.

Dickson Street, as the house was always identified by the family, had other delights than my playhouse. The lofty stable and stable-yard were a country all to themselves. There was the high swing tree with enormous old syringa bushes alongside, their perfume so sweet that it put me to sleep as I lay on the grass beside them to read. Yucca plants with towering candelabras of blossoms stood near the corner of the terrace and tall hollyhocks stretching under my second floor window. Rose bushes blossomed everywhere. Their scent was carried into the Big House where cut flowers decorated tables and mantles in dining room, parlor and hall.

The wide veranda was floored with narrow boards so tightly laid that I could roller-skate in long smooth strokes, practice turns and hard braking after a swift race around the corner of the house. It was great to perform there when it rained, as I could smell the freshly laid dust.

A flowering vine draping the end of the veranda had dry stem joints about three inches apart — just right for pretend cigarettes. My new playmates, mostly boys, and I

broke them off, lit them, inhaled deeply just as Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino did in Saturday matinees. The long cells in the stems ran open from joint to joint and we drew in pure flame from the tip. Undaunted, with blistered tongues, we tried time and again to master the art of sophisticated smoking. No one convinced us that real smokers were not flame-swallowers.

Violet

Violet came to be my friend shortly after our move to the broad verandaed stucco, sitting high on its terrace above Dickson Street. I was lonely. Mary Frances, my best friend, who lived conveniently across the street on Leverett, had been left behind. I saw her only at school and on especially arranged visits. Even Mildred Williams, who bullied and fascinated me, was not close at hand. My brother spent all of his time with Hagan, the new freckle-faced neighbor next door. They were four years younger, anyway. It showed my forlorn state that I would even consider them as possible companions.

So I spent most of my time alone after school and on weekends — swinging high into the branches of the big maple (not as good for climbing as the familiar leafy retreat I had left on Leverett but with a superior swing branch) or roller-skating on the veranda. I was still forbidden sidewalk skating on the busy boulevard.

I read more and more — in the back parlor where the glass-fronted bookcases held my parents' books, nearly buried in my featherbed on the screened porch or in my bedroom where I could lay my book aside to visualize castles and clouds in the abstract swirls of a satin moire ceiling paper. OR — I could play DOLLS. Between the mirrored wardrobe and the window, my parents had built a spacious dollhouse. Using wooden packing-boxes for rooms, they stacked a honeycomb against the wall that was a bit taller than I — so that the ceiling of the upstairs bedrooms was slightly above my head. The height pleased me — it was inappropriate, I thought, to look down on the

roof of a house! Each room had been carefully papered in miniature designs chosen from free "end rolls" at the paint and wallpaper store. The ceiling papers were similar to those in my own room, the floors were heavy brown wrapping paper or, in the kitchen and bathroom, oilcloth resembling linoleum. There were three bedrooms to accommodate parents, brothers and sisters, one bath, kitchen, diningroom, parlor/livingroom and a big porch. My dolls and I were very happy.

We were even happier when a low bookcase between the windows on an adjacent wall became the modest home for Stanley, boy friend of the resident doll family, who could now live with his parents "around the corner". It was important to be able to visit back and forth.

Violet appeared on a rainy afternoon and immediately took charge of Stanley, his home, his goings and comings. I was not surprised by her appearance and relished being able to talk about what the two doll families had planned for the day. How they should be dressed. "He can't wear his suit," she said with scorn, "they're only going on a picnic!" So, off came the offensive Sunday garments and on went a ragtag pair of denim pants. After a bit more advice from her, I had my family in loose aprons and shifts, bathing suits rolled up and ready to go. Doll outings under a window had no need to fear either rain or ants! We had a great picnic on buttered graham crackers and an apple, filched during a quick trip downstairs. Elizabeth, our hired girl/cook, was having a brief rest in her room.

Violet loved to sit beside me on the bench as I pedaled out stirring or romantic music on the player piano. She chose Stars and Stripes Forever or the Washington Post March in counterpoint to my favorites: Traumerei or the Barcarolle from TALES OF HOFFMAN. We both loved Humoresque and repeated sotto voce the doggerel lyrics —

"Apple pie without the cheese
Is like a kiss without the squeeze —
Te da de da —"

How wonderful to have someone to giggle with, to confide in, to leave the piano, and lie on our stomachs listening to Caruso's and Schumann-Heink's commanding voices on the "Vic."

When the weather was good, we stood up and pumped together in the swing, almost disappearing as the arc rose higher and higher. We made clover chains for ourselves and catalpa bonnets for our smallest dolls. Often when called for supper, I would tell Mother that Violet was staying and Mother would welcome her, suggesting we go wash our hands. Then ask Elizabeth to set an extra plate beside mine. I used to wonder why Elizabeth would leave for the kitchen, shaking her head, muttering under her breath.

Mother and Daddy were very understanding and polite to Violet. My brother, Jimmie, openly scoffed, refused to say a simple "Hello," asked impudent questions about how she looked. She was a personality, a presence, a much-needed playmate, who often spoke tartly and was never reluctant to give an opinion. But she sensed what I thought, said, hoped and dreamed. Who could ask for more?

Strangely enough, Violet never seemed to be around when I was playing "dressup" and living my other life in the playhouse. She never played in the barn or jumped from the hay window where neighborhood kids showed off. As I spent more and more time with new friends, Violet visited me less often. Her departure was dramatic. Late one afternoon when we played in my room after school, Mother heard a startled cry, followed by the thumping-rolling sound of a falling body. She ran to the front hall just in time to see me tumbling down the circular stairway and end up pulling myself to a sitting position at the bottom; in fury I glared up the stairs. "She pushed me!" I shouted at my amazed mother. "Violet pushed me!" I repeated, incredulous at such action by a trusted friend. "I will NEVER play with her again!" And I never did!

Dare, Dare — Double Dare

I was slow in learning that a dare was not an obligation — absolute, sacred. Since I was usually younger than my classmates and playmates, I felt a particular need to prove myself, meeting any challenge. One of my hardest lessons was learned in the barnyard of the Dickson Street house.

The barn and yard were leased by a construction company. Stock was seldom stabled in that hard-packed section, behind the house and separated from it by lawn and shrubs, shaded by a couple of tall elms. But when huge draft horses came, they were a source of wonder. Tall, sturdy, heroic beasts with heavy manes, powerful flanks and shoulders, they placed their great hooves carefully, like moving tree trunks. The pair most often in residence seemed to be Belgians, bright chestnut with flaxen manes and tails. Infrequently did we see the matched Percherons, their enormous grey necks beaded with sweat. As I remember, the horses stayed overnight when their owners felt they should not do the long trip home to their quarters.

The loft was kept full of hay for them and the yard was packed by the blows of their tremendous feet. Our gang, all boys except myself, made the barn our headquarters for meetings of rapidly forming and dissolving clubs. We explored all the nooks and crannies, being careful to leave everything as we found it so to preserve our right of trespass. Although there was no farm equipment stored, it gave definite opportunities to climb, to hide and to swing among the beams. It was the other side of my life. In my own playhouse, I could be alone, live in a fantasy grown up world, have my doll children and feel accountable to no one. There in the barnyard, I was part of a group — a bit younger and of a different sex — but accepted. I could run faster than most, climb higher and swing hand over hand from the stable beams.

The acceptance was conditional, I knew. I was a daring child. When a modicum of common sense threatened to

cancel a challenge, all it took to force my foolhardy nature was a taunting, "Dare you!" Then I was up, ready to go — to climb from the fence to the top of the barn roof, to shiny up the heavy rope hanging over the loft door.

It was that window into the loft that nearly became my Waterloo. The big square opening was as high off the ground as my second-story window in the Big House. Below it lay hard-packed clay. We all feared falling as we climbed the rope dangling in front of it. One hot afternoon in September, we lay in the hay trying to forget school had started, we began to brag. "I'll jump off the landing to the loft, if you will," Hayden challenged.

"That's no trick," Edmund responded. "I'll jump off the roof where it hangs over the fence." Edmund was going to be an undertaker when he grew up. We all felt he had a very small regard for life.

"Girls can't jump," said Joe, looking straight at me, to cover up his reluctance to raise the boast.

"I can! Come on out and see!" I flounced off the hay and down to the landing from which I jumped to the barn floor.

The boys came after me. Edmund climbed up on the roof as he had promised. It looked higher than we remembered it, but, one after the other, we climbed and jumped to the ground, eight feet below. The clay was like concrete. Our knees trembled, we all looked a little white, but the contest was on. Where could we find a higher place to jump?

My eyes raised to the loft window. "How about that?" I pointed.

"Dare you!" Hayden and Joe yelled together.

"I will if you will," came out with a squeak.

"I told you, I told you," Joe taunted. "Scaredy cat, ate a rat, don't know what she's looking at —"

The pit of my stomach tightened into a knot.

"Dare, Dare, Double Dare — Get up off your rocking chair —" The three boys bellowed in chorus.

Angrily I ran into the barn, flew up the stairs and across the loft. When I appeared at the window, the voices dropped for a moment, then with increased volume — "Dare! Dare! Double Dare!"

"Get out of my way!" I screamed and jumped. It was a long way down! Suddenly, I landed. My ankle buckled, my backbone tried to pierce my skull. Stars were not all I saw



Even my tormentors were quiet and gathered round to see the result, I pushed them aside and stood up unaided. Nothing was broken, I decided, but I did want to be alone. By a great stroke of luck, I heard Mother's voice calling me to dinner. The gang disappeared like magic. I staggered home, I went into the little bathroom at the end of the porch. Suddenly there was a desperate need to go to the toilet. Immediately after, I helplessly vomited into the basin. My body was making its protest over maltreatment.

Finally, after washing face and hands in the coldest water, I emerged to join the family for dinner. "Honey girl, you look pale," my mother said with an appraising glance. "Are you all right?". The best I could do was nod.

Daddy served the plates. One look at mine was more than enough. "Excuse me, PLEASE —" I bolted.

Mother followed. "Please, could I just go up and lie down," I begged when my nausea eased. My code demanded silence about what had really happened so I muttered something about getting too hot and how hard it had been at school. Mother looked a bit unbelieving but tucked me into bed, said she'd come back after dinner.

Bed had never felt so good. After my father had come up for prayers and a goodnight kiss, I fell asleep too fast to make any resolutions about what I would do next time if



In the morning I felt fine — a little stiff, perhaps — but I was only nine and resilient. If I had been cautious, it would have been better because after school the gang was there in full force — each with a friend. “We told’em what you did yesterday,” volunteered one of the boys. “Betcha won’t do it again!”

“Darers go first,” I remembered to say.

“Scaredy cat! Scaredy cat!” The chant began in full voice. This time I wasn’t angry and I didn’t run into the barn. I felt trapped, sentenced to public destruction. My steps dragged as I climbed the stairs to the loft. When I got to the window and looked down, I know only too well what lay below. No last words came to my lips — they were sealed in abject despair. I took a deep breath and jumped



“Margaret!” my mother’s call was a shriek I heard just before hitting the ground. Before I could roll over, she was there. “Honey girl, Honey girl,” she murmured as she went rapidly over bones and joints to check me for injuries. “What happened?” The question was addressed to all of us — although my audience was rapidly drifting away.

Mother helped me to the house. She put cool washcloths on my head, then checked a rapidly swelling ankle plus scrapes on knee and elbow. I was spared the nausea of the day before but had more visible scars. It was hard to explain what had happened but when I finally got to “Dare! Dare—” and “Scaredy cat!” my parents exchanged knowing glances. There followed some serious talk. I was only too happy to promise NEVER to jump from the hayloft onto the barnyard, ever again.

Bolstered by parental edict, I told the gang the barn was off limits except for meetings in the hay loft. No one raised any objections. Adult rulings can be very helpful at times. Proud as I was of my daring and durability, I felt a small bump of caution begin to grow.

We could still use the barnyard for Hide-and-Seek. Sometimes we tried to hide behind the seventy-five or a

hundred large clay sewer pipes stored in the far corner of the lot. It was fun to try to walk or crawl over the tops of those pipes — teeter dangerously on the rims and struggle to keep from falling into the four foot sections. There even came a day when I varied the game with a great idea. Why couldn't I squeeze down inside one of the pipes where I couldn't be seen? Crawling over the front tiers, I found a pipe in the exact middle — so that it would be next to impossible to see me unless I stood clear up. I dropped down into the chosen cylinder just as the call came for search — "Here I come! Ready or not!" Hastily, I scrunched down, chin on knees, rump on heels, back pressed against the brown glazed pipe.

From that secure position, I heard the game go on. Everyone else was caught or shouted triumphantly as he ran home free. They called my name, they shouted, "Allee, Allee out's in free!" I decided to stand up, although I didn't want to reveal my choice hiding place. To my surprise, I found I could not stand. When I tried, my knees pushed against one part of the heavy pipe, my back was forced against another. I was stuck — tightly, absolutely. Frightened, I tried again but only managed to rub some skin off my back and knees. Suddenly keeping my hiding place a secret seemed a poor idea. I wanted to be found. I needed help. The baked earth smell of the clay around me made my stomach queasy. My shouts were muffled by the pipe 'round and above me. I could hear my friends deciding to go home, give up the search. I screamed some more.

One of the boys went to the back door and asked if I had made my way, stealthily, into the house. Alarmed by his tale, Elizabeth called mother. She called my father. The search was on. Even my younger brother joined in. I did my best to guide them in the old familiar "Hot and Cold" hiding game. This was no game for me! As I fought back tears and tried to save my voice when no one seemed near. When voices came closer, I yelled with all I had. Finally my father's voice commanded, "Quiet! I think that was Margaret." Into the sudden silence, I bawled as loud as

possible — “Here I am! In the pipes!” Things moved fast from then on. We screamed back and forth. The boys crawled over the tops of the cylinders. One saw my waving hand against the dark brown glaze. Will Carr came crawling after him and attempted to stand in the next pipe to me. He couldn’t possibly pull me out. I thought my arms would come out of their sockets.

The disc of sky I saw from my circular prison grew darker. The uproar of men and boys who’d joined in the rescue echoed among the pipes. My head ached. My stomach churned, I heard advice about calling the fire department. The immediate problem dictated the moving of massive pipes to gain enough room to lay my prison down, then work at releasing me feet first. Estimating the shortest way in, the mob moved pipe until they had cleared a pathway to my confinement. Cautioning me to cradle my head in my arms. Father, Will Carr and two others raised one end of my impoundment, then lowered it gently. There I remained until given some vaseline Mother had brought. It was smeared around my trapped knees. One at a time, most gingerly, Mother and Daddy attempted to move my legs. “More vaseline, Honey more vaseline. Use it all.” At last one leg came free. That did the trick, because the other leg had room to move. I was pulled straight out feet first. An undignified exit but I was out!

The stable yard was declared out of bounds the following two months. Then came winter. By the time spring had brought us all outside again, I was ready for skating, cycling and swinging. The boys were talking baseball and marbles. We sought our separate ways.

Finders-Keepers

Some people are just born lucky. My brother was one of those — especially at finding things. With no effort at all, he picked up Indian head pennies, shiny nickels, even a heavy half-dollar. He seldom came home from a walk across the campus or down through Shuler Town, past the station, without finding a few coins in the grass or shining

on the sidewalk. My friends seemed to have something of his talent always flourishing four leaf clovers or "lucky pennies" they had come across on their own.

I was not what friends of my parents identified as "an observant child". I stoutly maintained that I found what I wanted to see. Surely I spent more time in dreaming than in looking down at the ground. But, I did SO long for the excitement and status of a Great Find.

My luck changed when I was about ten. One fine day, passing the luxuriant hedge of the house next door, I saw a small yellow box waiting in the shadows for some one. It was clean and new, identified by the printing on the cover as a J and P Coates Sewing Thread box, the size to hold twelve spools. I had seen similar boxes on my mother's White Sewing Machine. Two crossed rubber bands held the box securely closed.

I was less than thrilled over the idea of spools of thread as MY treasure but snapped off the elastics to see what colors might be. The box lay heavier in my hand than sewing cotton and the opened lid revealed something carefully packed in pink tissue. What could it be? I pulled the wrapping aside and fairly leaped in shock when a pair of gleaming false teeth grinned up at me from their bed of absorbent cotton.

They appeared to be brand new. Glittering white porcelain incisors shining like pearls against rich pink gums. No one I knew had ever displayed such a treasure! I thought at once of them as a splendid addition to my dressup finery. How surprised Daddy would be when I opened my mouth to present these flashing dentures!

Tucking the pink cover around my findings, I snapped the box shut and ran for home. There I took the teeth out for closer inspection, marveled again at their pristine condition and went over to the mirror for a try on.

Somehow this proved hard to accomplish. They were enormous. When I tried to span them with my fingers they seemed large enough to fit over my own. I opened my

mouth — WIDE — but as I brought the falsies closer, my jaw traitorously started to cramp. The little muscles at the joints tightened. I thought I was going to be sick.

Clearly, I needed help. So again I packed my beauties, ran down the steps and across the lawn to the Big House. Mother was up in the sewing room and knew, when she saw me, that something was awry. But, she was simply amazed when the J and P Coates box disgorged its contents. "Honey girl!" she gasped.

A TRIBUTE TO ADELINE BLAKELY

Autobiography published in November 1987 FLASHBACK

by Lessie Stringfellow Reed, ca 1943

After some years, when Mr. Blakely died, Adeline and Mrs. Blakely then went to live with Nora Blakely Hudgins. The Hudgins had two children at this time, and were living in Hot Springs, Arkansas. As their family grew, Adeline was their nurse and loved and cared for them. She has been in the Hudgins family fifty-seven years, sharing their joys and sorrows, and faithful to their every interest. When illness and death came into the home, she was the nurse and made their last days happier. When weddings and births occurred, Adeline was as thrilled as the rest of the family, and was happy in their happiness. Such devotion, of course, has its reward in the love and care now shown her in her old age. She is living in the home where the family has lived so long, and enjoys watching the fifth generation of the family growing up. Her many friends in Fayetteville love to hear her tell stories of her younger days. Having lived here for eighty-eight years, she remembers many things about the older citizens that the rest of us never knew about. She was ninety-three years "young" July 10, 1943, was born in 1850.

It is interesting too to hear her tell of her duties in the home. How she would prepare the meals and serve the grown folks, and while they ate she would see to the children, that they were properly cared for and ate what they should. She was housekeeper, nurse and friend, and

loved by the family accordingly, and made to feel a member of the family. Adeline has many friends in Fayetteville, both white and black, and she does many lovely things for them. She thoroughly enjoys her radio and tunes in regularly for her favorite programs. She loves flowers, and shares them with her friends.

The following is an obituary from the Fayetteville newspaper, ca 1945:

Funeral Service Held For Adeline Blakely

Funeral service for Adeline Blakeley, 95 year old Negro who was brought to this vicinity from Tennessee as a slave girl with the John Parks family, was conducted yesterday afternoon at the Watson Mortuary. Pallbearers were: Frank Lewis, Leland Bryan, Frank Suttle, Jim Vaughn, Ralph Dowell, Jack Phillips, Jim Parks and Ted Wylie.



NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE

The Fighting Printers of Company E

by Kim Allen Scott

This 28-page booklet was letterpress printed, the same method used during their stay in late 1862 at Cane Hill by Company E, Eleventh Kansas Volunteer Infantry. Kim Scott, the author, did the presswork on his own hand-fed 1903 model Chandler & Price platen press. He will also autograph copies we send out as he is a member of our board. A most interesting bit of history presented in an uncommonly attractive manner. The cost is only \$2.50 plus 50¢ for mailing.



A Photographic History of Arkansas In the Civil War

Authors - Bobby Roberts and Carl Moneyhon

An aptly named book, the fiftieth published by the University of Arkansas Press, in two editions— Hardcover for \$34.95 and Paperback for \$19.95.

The edition takes what photographer Matthew Brady called “the eye of history” and focuses it on Arkansas, giving us a family album of our people and places during the Civil War.

In this display of over 200 photos, many never published, the authors have written exciting, factual paragraphs along side the pictures. They give intimate details about the individuals or scenes shown, bringing an immediacy to the suffering, both physical and spiritual, that was recorded then.

The text starts with Arkansas’ soul-searching conflict during the March 4, 1861 Convention in Little Rock as Unionists and Secessionists battled over which side the State was to join. Then we’re told how Arkansans went to war, the battles they engaged in, and the aftermath. This state suffered as no other.

The book presents a unique view of the human side of a terrible ordeal. Order your copy through the Society. There is a \$1.50 shipping and handling charge for mailing each book.

As we go to the printers, we have been notified this book was acknowledged for its excellence by winning the American University Press Design award. It is truly beautiful. A treasure for your Civil War library.



WHITE RIVER TOWNSHIP JUSTICE OF THE PEACE BOOK, 1885-1910

Gleanings by Pat Donat

This book was given to Washington County Historical Society by our long time friend and contributor of many articles, Lloyd McConnell.

The first entry in this Justice of the Peace book for White River Township was made in March 1885 and gives detailed account of the examination of witnesses and their responses but is incomplete because the first six pages of the book are missing.

The case was on a charge of rape and the defendant, "because of sufficient evidence" was committed to Washington County Jail for trial by the criminal court of the county.

This is not typical of the cases in the book which are mostly for misdemeanors and collection of debts. There is one notable exception. A charge of murder was filed before the justice of the peace and a warrant was issued to any constable to apprehend the suspect. That is the last entry on the case and it would appear that the suspect likely skipped the country.

The book, given to the Washington County Historical Society by Lloyd McConnell, begins in the spring of 1885 with C.L. Burchett as justice of the peace. He was followed in December of 1886 by J.M. Brooks. Brooks held the position until 1890 when H.F. Head was elected to the office. Six years later, in October 1896, J.L. McConnell, the donor's father, became justice of the peace. The last case he recorded is dated April 1908. The final cases are signed again by H.F. Head and the last entry in the book that has other pages missing at the end is dated 1910.

White River Township is one of the early townships formed after Washington County was established. Its boundaries were laid in 1837. The township tripled in population from 685 in 1850 to 1,766 in 1880. It lies in the

eastern part of the county and the area around White River was settled early in the history of the county.

Formerly justices of the peace had more influence than they do today. Judging from the scope of the cases in this book this was true during the quarter of a century the book encompasses.

The position of justice of peace is of long standing in America and even longer in England. Obviously, White River Township justices had jurisdiction over petty civil and criminal cases. More serious cases, after deliberation by the justices, or a jury, if demanded, were sent to the county Grand Jury to determine if the facts warranted a trial in the county courts.

If the defendant requested a trial the justice empaneled a jury of six "good and lawful householders of the county." Other duties apparently also came with the job. Burchett had the duty of swearing in commissioners who had been appointed to work out a change in the Lewis Mill Road.

The greatest preponderance of the cases filed were to collect debts. In some cases the justice of the peace was asked to prevent a debtor from leaving the area without paying debts. A lien could be placed on the debtor's personal property in that case.

There were 50 cases of this nature filed and in one the suit was filed to collect 25 cents. The next highest number of cases was for assault and battery. Twenty-six of these were filed in the book, showing, perhaps, that the law of the frontier where disputes were settled without arbitration, lived on in White River Township.

A typical case of assault and battery was filed August 10, 1886 with Burchett.

"Personally appeared before me, an acting justice of the peace for Washington County, the plaintiff and made oath that the defendant did commit an assault and battery against the person of John Paschal on the night of the 9th of Aug., 1886 near Sulphur Springs School house in the county of Washington, state of Arkansas and prayed a

warrant of arrest to apprehend said defendant that he might be dealt with according to law. Said defendant personally appeared the same day and submitted to said case as set forth in the above affidavit. Whereupon it was ordered by the court that the state of Arkansas have and recover the sum of one dollar from said defendant as fine and all costs due in said cause which one dollar claimed.

Signed[C.L. Burchett and E.J. Lewis, constable

It was not unusual after someone had been charged with assault that the next case in the book was one charging the former defendant with an assault upon the plaintiff. Neither was it unusual for the defendant to come to the justice of the peace admitting he had committed an assault and paying his fine. The fine could be as little as \$1 but as high as \$25.

There were 19 cases of disturbing the peace, four for disturbing religious services and two cases of slander. In one of these the testimony of witnesses convinced the court the defendant was innocent and in the second the case was sent to the Grand Jury because, "there was sufficient evidence."

In August 1888, a case filed by R.A. Dodd accused the defendant of disturbing a religious congregation by throwing a rock through a window. The defendant was never brought before the justice of the peace, but a second defendant for a similar charge requested a jury.

"On this the 27th day of August 1888, it being the day set for the trial of the above cause upon a motion of the defendant it was ordered that a jury come. Whereupon a jury of six good and lawful citizens of the county of Washington, to wit: J.A. Laymon, N.F. Wax, E. Patterson, D.L. Hood, Edward Boone and W.Y. Ramsey, were duly sworn as the law directs. After having heard the evidence the jury returned the following verdict, to wit: We the jury find the defendant not guilty."

"It is therefore ordered by the court that the defendant be released from custody and that the prosecutors pay the cost which has accrued in the above entitled cause." From

the fees, including payment for witnesses, the plaintiffs had to pay \$17.50.

A later case found two men accused of disturbing "religious services by playing cards in the church house and loud talking and swearing at the time of religious worship." The court, after examining witnesses, being of the opinion that there was not sufficient evidence to convict on the charge of card playing the defendants were discharged on that charge. But, the defendants plead guilty as charged to disturbing religious worship and "asked the mercy of the court." They were then fined \$20 and cost of the suit, a fairly stiff penalty.

In 1892 two men were charged with the "misdemeanor of cutting off the tails of three head of cattle." The constable was apparently unable to find the culprits or else the litigants settled in their own way.

An unusual fraud was committed in December 1891 when a man came to the house of John Brooks and pretended to be a physician. "He uncovered a sick man who was in the Brooks house", and used insulting language. The defendant when apprehended and brought to the office of the justice of the peace, "plead guilty" and was fined \$5.

Four citizens of the township were accused of carrying concealed weapons and two of breaking the Sabbath. A more serious aspect was put on two assault cases which were described as assault with deadly weapon with intent to kill.

Trespass was also punishable by a fine, especially when the trespass involved stealing of fruit, watermelons or chickens.

Late in August of 1898 two men were charged with a "trespass by feloniously taking and carrying away two watermelons of the value of 30 cents" from the possession of the owner. The two plead guilty to the charge and the justice ordered that they pay treble the damage to the owner, plus costs of the suit.

In another case of trespass and stealing of fruit the defendant asked for trial by jury. After hearing the evidence in the case the jury found the defendant not guilty as charged.

Summertime seemed to be the time for disturbing the peace and two men were charged with disturbing the peace "by using profane language toward the plaintiff and by using epithets toward him which were calculated to arouse him to anger and cause him to commit a breach of the peace. Also by running their horses on the public highway to the terror of the plaintiff." The court found them guilty and fined them \$2 and court costs.

Interestingly, there was only one case of drunkenness prosecuted. Theft of a Winchester rifle was considered grand larceny and was sent to the Grand Jury.

One case of cruelty to animals was brought to the court. It involved kicking of a dog that belonged to the plaintiff and the defendant paid a fine for the offense.

There was also only one case of selling liquor and three estray cases heard by the justices of the peace. Three citizens were appointed to evaluate and described the animals that apparently had turned up in someone else's pasture.

A list of the names appearing in the book follows:



Adams, Lewis
Arnet, Barney
Arnet, B.F.
Arnet, Joe
Ash, T.H.
Ashbrook, E.A.
Ayers, W.N.

Ballard, C.B.
Ballard, George
Ballard, George W.
Ballard, John
Barnes, John
Barnes, Wiley
Barnhart, Dr. —

Bell, J.T.
Birdsong, M.J.
Boaz, J.L.
Boaz, K.L.
Boaz, M.D.
Boaz, Robert
Boaz, Stewart

Bogan, Dextin	Chandler, Oliver	Eaton, A.P.
Bogan, P.P.	Chandler, Wilburn	Edwards, S.
Bond, J.D.	Cherry, I.	Edwards, Walter C.
Boone, Edward	Clark, Ambrose	Elkins
Boone, E.G.	Clark, Ann	Evans, Edna
Bradley, Squire	Clark, A.S.	Evans, James
Brashears, Frank	Clark, Eva	Evans, Meck
Brashears, John	Clark, Grant	Evans, Nettie
Brashears, J.W.	Clark, Irene	Evans, Thomas
Briscoe, W.T.	Clark, Jacob	
Brooks, J.M.	Clark, James	Fallin, O.P.
Brooks, John	Clark, John	Fawbush, Henry
Brooks, M.	Clark, N.G.	Fawbush, H.G.
Brown, Alex	Collins, Alfred	Fincher, C.P.
Brown, Emma	Collins, Charley	Fincher, Hiram
Brown, John	Collins, Molly	Fincher, H.W.
Burchett, C.L.	Crawford County	Fincher, J.C.
Burchett, George	Crawford, Dale	Frazier, S.P.
Burris, Calvin	Crawford, James A.	Frazier, Willy
Burris, C.C.	Crawford, John	Frost, A.J.
Burris, T.C.	Crawford, Johnson	Frost, Ben
	Crawford Store	Frost, C.J.
Calhoun, Charley	Crawford Township	Frost, George
Campbell, J.B.	Curry, Bud	Frost, Jack
Campbell, Noel G.	Curry, Louiza	Frost, Louisa
Campbell, Richard	Curry, Nathan	
Campbell, Thomas		Gabbert, Sarah L.
Carr, Adam	Daily, Josephine	Gabbert, Silas
Carrigan, John A.	Daily, J.W.	Gabbert, S.M.
Carrigan, J.W.	Daniels, James F.	Garrett, Albert
Carrigan, Sam	Davis, E.	Garrett, Robert
Carrigan, S.P.	Davis, Gabe	Genet, Frank
Carrigan, Susan	Davis, L.B.	Genet, Joe
Carrigan, William	Deen, Howell	Genet, Willie
Carter, Charles	Deen, W.D.	Gilliland, Ham
Carter, George	Dickerson, J.R.	Gilliland, L.A.
Carter, G.F.	Dickerson, N.	Gilliland, Mary
Carter, G.W.	Dickerson, R.M.	Graham, Harve
Carter, J.H.	Dockery, Henry	Grebe, Andrew
Carter, John	Dodd, L.J.	Grebe, Ed
Carter, Lucy	Dodd, R.A.	Grebe, Joe
Carter, Manerve J.	Dunlap, D.C.	Guinn, J.S.
Carter, Martha	Durham	
Carters Store		Hahn, Sam
Cath— William A.	Eads, —	Hale, Walter
Cattron, Abb	Eads, Tom	Hall, Harley
Cavneton?, L.d.		

Hanna, Peter
 Hanna, Press
 Hanna, Bob
 Hanna, Samuel B.
 Hanna, Seldon
 Hanshew, D.F.
 Hanshew, James
 Hanshew, W.W.
 Harrelson, Lawrence
 Harris, Anna
 Harris, Ed
 Harris, Jackson
 Harris, Joe
 Harris, Nancy M.
 Harris, R.M.
 Harris, Robert
 Harris, Samuel
 Harris, S.A.S.
 Harris, T.B.
 Harris, W.H.
 Head, H.F.
 Hendricks, Walter
 Hensley, W.B.
 Hess, C.E.
 Hicks, Augustus
 Hicks, A.V.
 Hicks, B.F.
 Hicks, Franklin
 Hill, C.J.
 Hill, Cy
 Hill, Dolly
 Hill, J.D.
 Hill, Milton
 Hines, Jesse
 Hobbs, L.A.
 Holsapple, George
 Hood, D.L.
 Hood, John
 Huey, D.C.
 Hughes, J.A.
 Hughes, John
 Hughes, Samuel
 Hughey, D.C.
 Hutchens, Hugh
 Hutchins, A.D.
 Hutchins, A.E.
 Hutchins, William

Hutchinson, S.L.
 Jarnigan, Tim
 Jett, Will
 Jones, A.E.
 Jones, B.C.
 Jones, Ben
 Jones, Claborne
 Jones, C.M.
 Jones, David
 Jones, Edith
 Jones, Frank
 Jones, Gussie
 Jones, Harriet
 Jones, J.A.
 Jones, James A.
 Jones, Jesse H.
 Jones, John
 Jones, John W.
 Jones, Mary
 Jones, Mat
 Jones, Opher
 Jones, Robert E.
 Jones, Silas
 Jones, W.A.
 Jones, Will
 Kennedy, James
 Kennedy, John
 King, G.W.
 Kinnion, James
 Kinnion, K.W.
 Kolin, Arch
 Lathrop, C.K.
 Lawson, Ed
 Lawwson, Fred
 Laymon, Claude
 Laymon, H.H.
 Laymon, J.H.
 Layton, J.P.
 Lee, Harvey
 Lewis, A.B.
 Lewis, A.C.
 Lewis, Bracken
 Lewis, E.D.
 Lewis, E.J.

Lewis, George
 Lewis, Lena
 Lewis, Levi
 Lewis, M.D.
 Lewis Mill Road
 Commissioners
 Lewis, M.M
 Lines, L.E.
 (of Eureka Springs)
 Logan Gap
 Loving, Reuben
 McChristian, B.F.
 McChristian, J.F.
 McConnell, J.L.
 McConnell, John
 McCuisition, John
 McMath, M.W.
 McNeely, Dale
 McNeely, George W.
 McNeely, Mary Jane
 McNeely, Rachel
 McNeely, Richard
 Mabry, E.G.
 Mabry, E.M.
 Mackey, W.L.
 Malone, Marth
 Mankins
 Mankins, John
 Mankins, Peter Jr.
 Mann, F.A.
 Masters, John
 Masters, Net?
 Masters, W.P.
 Miller, Dr. E.G.
 Mills, E.P.
 Mills, W.C.
 Mitchell, Elmer
 Mitchell, J.H.
 Moore, Abe
 Mount Zion
 Church House
 Morrison, Jim
 Musten, H.C.
 Musten, Hugo P.
 Musten, J.B.

Nealy, James F.
Nelson, Henry
Nelson, James
Nelson, J.W.
Nelson, Lee
Nelson, Stewart

Osburn, J.T.

Paddy?, V.
Page, Edward
Parker, Dudley
Parker, Larkin
Parker, Lena
Parker, L.G.
Paschal, George
Paschal, Jack
Paschal, James S.
Paschal, John
Paschal, J.W.
Paschal, Thomas
Paschal, William
Pendergraff, Thomas
Pendleton, J.D.
Perette, E.S.
Perry, D.I.
Peters, J.
Peterson, E.
Phillips, J.W.
Piper, R.M.
Polly, H.H.
Porter, Walter
Porter, W.M.
Prairie Township
Price, E.W.
Pumphrey, Joe

Ramey, Aron
Ramey, B.F.
Ramey, Ephraim
Ramey, H.G.
Ramey, J.C.
Ramey, J.M.
Ramey, Parris
Ramey, Ray L.
Ramey, Riley

Ramey, Virgil
Ramey, W.B.
Ramsey, J.C.
Ramsey, William
Ramsey, W.J.
Ramsey, W.Y.
Ramsey, W. Y & Son
Ratliff, Hawk
Reed, C.M.
Reed, E.
Reed Township
Reed, Will
Reese, Bertis
Reese, H.C.
Richardson, David
Richardson, George
Richardson, Lenard
Richardson, Miles
Ridens, James
Rieff, H.M.
Rigg, Samuel
Rigg, S.M.
Ritter, Andrew
Ritter, George
Ritter, Manervy
Ritter, Robert
Robb, James
Robbins, George
Robbins, G.H.
Robbins, R.A.
Robinson, R.C.
Rutherford, R.A.

Scott, R.R.
Seitz, G.J.M.
Shipley, Mary
Shipman, Mary
Shumate, George
Shumate, James
Shumate, J.H.
Skelton, Nels
Smith, A.S.
Smith, D.H.
Smith, Everett
Smith, Frank
Smith, J.M.
Smith, Joseph

Smith, M.
Smith, Sophrona
Son, James
Stafford, Isaac
Stambaugh, Linn
Stevens, Dick
Steward, Ben
Stone, Ben
Stout, Ben
Stout, J.M.
Stout, R.C.
Stout, T.D.
Sulphur City
Sulphur Springs
Sulphur Springs
School House
Sutton, J.H.
Sutton, J.N.

Terry, L.H.
Thompson, Henry
Thompson, H.G.
Thompson, W.G.
Tillman, J.N.
Trace Valley
Tucker, John
Tucker, John W.
Turkey, Sillus

Van Hoose, G.W.

Walden, C.W.
Walls, Shinn
Watkins, Issac
Wax, N.F.
Wax, N.F. & Son
Wax, S.H.
Wax, Stirman
Webb, L.D.
Wheeler, J.A.G.
White, China?
Williams, Charley
Williams, Garrett
Williams, Henry
Williams, James
Williams, J.C.

Williams, J.L.
Williams, John C.
Williams, J.R.
Williams, Lewis
Williams, Martin

Williams, M.J.
Williams, Nancy
Williams, R.S.
Williams, Samuel
Wolfe & Bro.,
Little Rock

Woods, Sawmill
Wylie, Frank
Yodhunter, S.L.
Young, John
Youngblood, George



QUERIES

Charles Carrow Cabiach, 437 Warner Place, Daytona Beach, FL 32014 is anxious to make contact with the MED(E)ARIS family in this area. He has learned that Jesse Roy and Loretta Mary (WOLFE) Medaris purchased a farm in Lincoln, AR in 1942. Their children: Jesse Robert "Bob", b. 1922; Charles Elmore, b. 1924, d. WWII; Ruth Jeannette, and Francis Edwin, b. 1933.

Carolyn Wallin, 65 Regent Drive, Greenville, SC 29609 is seeking death record, cemetery, stone, place lived after marriage of Margaret J. WALLEN (widow) to James PIERCE on 9/6/91, Washington County, AR. Seeking any info on her children of Wallen marriage: Alpha J., William, Franklin. Any help appreciated.

Dwight Lynn Alford, Route 2, Box 103, Morrison, TN 37357 seeks information on Yell and Taylor family tree.

Virginia Threet, 1875 South Custer Lane, Fayetteville, AR says Decendents of Thomas HERRINGTON and Anna BOOTH will hold their first family reunion June 4 at the Huntsville Community Center at 12:00 until 4:00 (DUNCAN, WILLIAMS, MILLS, CANNADAY, HART AND MARKLEY). Decendents of Jacob GABBARD and Susanna BOWMAN will hold their first family reunion July 16 at the Huntsville Community Center, from 12:00 to 4:00. (HALLS, WALLS, POWELL, CREECH, WELLS, GENTRY, STEPHENS.)

**In a Key Position in every Genealogy
you will Find a John Smith from London.**

PRINCESS TREE

On the back cover is pictured Arkansas' State Champion Royal Pawlonia tree. The Society is proud to have it growing in the extreme southwest corner of our grounds at Headquarters House. Its circumference is 9 feet 3 inches, and its age is estimated at 60 years.

In the spring there is a showy display of pink and purple flowers. Throughout the summer its large leaves, similar to those of a catalpa, provide plenty of shade. The Pawlonia is from China and was introduced in this country more than a hundred years ago. It is found mostly in the south because of its dislike of cold weather.

Known also as "Princess Tree" or "Empress Tree", it was named for Anna Paulownia, Princess of Russia and the Netherlands from 1795 to 1865. Japanese used its lightweight wood to make furniture and sandals. The photo was made by Deborah Robinson of the *Northwest Arkansas Times*. Lisa Davoust, WCHS secretary, posed to give some scale to the picture.



The front cover shows the minieball hole made in a front door during the Battle of Fayetteville. April 17, 1988 marks the 125th anniversary of this battle. This door is now an inner door to improve its chances for a long life. This photo also by Deborah Robinson.

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